



Valentine's Dance



162 50 55

Chapter 1 by Amy Brandriet

Once upon a time, in the land of Hurley, there was a Valentine's dance.

Chapter 2 by sharon george



It sucked

Chapter 3 by Geneva Collins



But I went anyway because that's what culture demands of its youth. The decorations were cheap, the punch was gross, and the people looked like they were bored to tears - all except one girl. While everyone else complained about how much the dance sucked, she didn't care. She had the biggest smile on. One by one, she was asking anyone to dance with her. Everyone said no. She didn't care. As she got closer, I realized I was going to have to give her an answer.

Chapter 4 by SaintSayaka



If all of them could do it, so could I.

"No," I said before she could even open her mouth. Her lips curled a bit, but she moved on, apparently unaffected by the rejection. I breathed a sigh of relief. It was better to stand here, taking sips of cheap punch (that hopefully one of my classmates would have the good sense to spike) than to be the object of scorn and intrigue on the dance floor. In other words, this was the

cooler option. Sure, I wasn't a football player, or a cheerleader (imagine!), but if only for tonight, I could look mysterious. Hopefully, she would approach me.

Still, it did make me sad to see her go. I was looking for a partner. I really wanted to put a hand on her shoulder and tell her that this wasn't a John Green novel.

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that this wasn't going to be what she expected. The kids of Boise, Idaho didn't party like they must have back in New York; if I was feeling particularly snarky, I'd suggest that she return there from whence she came.

Wait, was she coming back around?

Chapter 5 by SaintSayaka



She was really begging for a double rejection, wasn't she? Either she was brave or epically stupid.

Still, even I can't possibly be that cruel. So I started to come up with a battle plan. I quickly ducked behind a quarterback - naturally, of course, so it didn't look like I was making a beeline away from her - and gunned for the bathrooms. She couldn't possibly follow me in there. The plan was flawless.

Upon reaching a stall I decided that I did actually have to use one. The punch had a way of running through you. But when I opened the door, it wasn't vomit that greeted me, nor a couple with nowhere else to hide making out.

It was the girl, sitting indian style on the seat.

Chapter 6 by Auntie Em



"Aaaaaaaagggghhh! What the-"

"Shhhh!", she cut me off, "I'm obviously not supposed to be in here, but I missed you on my second time around, and was wondering if you wanted to dance?"

I didn't know whether to run for my life or get help for the psychopathic girl.

I chose to run.

I ran to the other side of the gym and smothered myself against the wall. Maybe I could just disappear before those big blue eyes could find me to dance. If I stood still enough maybe

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Someone was tapping my

"Please, dance with me?", the girl asked, as she smiled her biggest smile yet.

My heart sank. I didn't know if I had the heart to reject her a third time. Even if she was a nut, she had had a pretty crappy night. I looked at her standing there and realized how much effort she had put into getting ready. Her hair must have taken hours, and her makeup flawlessly brought out her big blue pleading eyes.

"Fine. Would you like to dance?"

Chapter 7 by SaintSayaka



"No!" she giggled brightly, her dress swaying under the force of her laugh. I was utterly dumbstruck.

"Then why have you been following me around all night?"

The girl settled onto the toilet as if it were an office chair - too casual for a porcelain throne of E Coli. "Well, kid, I consider myself quite the humanitarian. And you," she said, jabbing the air with a finger, "needed help."

Thank god nobody had wandered into the bathroom yet. "I think that I was doing just fine, thanks."

"Mm, that's what they all like to say. Trust me, you screamed 'help' from a mile away."

"Yeah, whatever." I carefully examined her, a little more comfortable with the situation now than five minutes ago. Her clothes were beautiful, but standard fare for Hurley Private Academy. Real pearls, aquamarine dress (probably specially ordered), heels of an acceptable height. Yet for all that she fit in, something about her felt unfamiliar. Had I gone the last three years of my life without seeing this girl before?

"Who exactly are you, again?"

She smiled, "I'm glad that you asked! I'm your fairy godmother."

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Chapter 8 by Rachel Griffin

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"Wh-what?" I stammer, walking on. "You're not my fairy godmother!" I ran to the corner of the gym.

"I've come, because you will need help during this dance. You have three wishes, you must use them all by the dance is over- I suggest you save them for the trouble that is going to happen- these wishes do have consequences and rules, but I can't tell you what they are." She says overly excited.

'You're insane' I think to myself, but she heard it, and without moving her lips I heard her voice say

'Maybe, but my words are true.'

the end

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